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To the Reader.

FOR the truth of these branches of the descent, in the
table or Page heere-vnto annexed, the perfect and sun-
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behalfe: If by reason it is but a part, and that also pat-
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and runnes onely and directly with the Emperiall lyne,
being but so much (as wee may fitly say) is al'y'd to the
Poem: It seeme not to beare such vniformity and pro-
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James 5th 6th
Kinge of
Scotland
Our Soueraygne..

Marye
Married to
Franse king
of France
Queene of
Scotland

Henrye
Lord Darlye
Husband of
Marye

James 5th 4th
Kinge of Scot-
land the first
Husband of
Margaret

James 5th 3th
Kinge
of Scotland

Margret
Eldist daugh-
ter married
twice.

Margret
married to
matthew Earle
of Lennox

Archiball
Douglas Earle
of Angus a
husband of
Margret

Henry 5th 7th
Kinge of
England

Margret
married to
Edmund Tudor
Earle of Richmnd

John Duke
of Sumerset

Elizabeth
Eldist daugh-
ter of H. the
6th married to
kinge H. the 7th

John Earle
of Somersset
Sonne of John
of Gaunt

Edward
the 4th the first
kinge of the
house of York

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TO THE MA-
JESTIE OF KING
JAMES.

A gratulatorie Poem
by *Michael Drayton.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *James Roberts*, for *T. M.*
and *H. L.* 1603.
(...)



TO THE MA

ESTIE OF KING

JAMES

A Gratulatory Poem

by Alexander D...



Printed by James Roberts, for T. & A.
and H. L. 1705.



TO THE MAIESTIE
of King JAMES.
 (* * *)

THE hopefull raigne of a most happy King,
 Loe thus excites our early Muse to sing,
 Of her own strength which boldly thus presumes,
 That's yet vnimpt with any borrowed plumes,
 A Counsailes wisdome, and their graue fore-sight,
 Lends me this luster, and resplendent light:
 Whose well-prepared pollicie, and care,
 For theyr indoubted Soueraigne to prepare,
 Other vaine titles strongly to withstand,
 Plac'd in the bosome of a peacefull Land:
 That blacke destruction which now many a day,
 Had fix'd her sterne eye for a violent pray,
 Frustrate by their great prouidence and power,
 Her very nerues is ready to deuoure,
 And euen for grieve downe sincking in a swoond
 Beats her snak'd head against the verdant ground.



To the Maiestie.

But whilst the ayre thus thunders with the noise,
Perhaps vnheard, why should I straine my voyce?
Whē stirs, & tumults haue been hot't & proudest,
The noble Muse hath song the stern't & lowdest;
And know great Prince, that Muse thy glory sings,
(What ere detraction snarle) was made for Kings.
The neighing courser in this time of mirth,
That with his arm'd hoofe beats th'reecchoing
The trumpets clangor, & the peoples cry, (earth,
Not like the Muse can strike the burnish'd skie,
vvhich should heauē quench th'eternal quicking springs
The stars put out, could light thē with her wings.
What though perhaps my selfe I not intrude
Amongst th'vnsteddy wondring multitude,
The tedious tumults, and the boystrous throng,
That presse to view thee as thou com'st along,
The praise I giue thee shall thy welcome keepe,
Whē all these rude crowds in the dust shal sleepe,
And when applause and shouts are hush'd & still,
Thē shal my smooth verse chant thee cleer & shril.
With



of King IAMES.

With thy beginning, doth the Spring begin,
 And as thy Vsher gently brings thee in,
 Which in consent doth happily accord
 With the yeere kept to the incarnate Word,
 And in that Month (cohering by a fate)
 By the old world to wisdom dedicate,
 Thy Prophet thus doth seriously apply,
 As by a strong vnfailing Augury,
 That as the fruitfull, and ful-bosom'd Spring,
 So shall thy raigne be rich and flourishing:
 The month thy conquests, & atchieuements great
 By those shall sit on thy Imperiall seate,
 And by the yeere I seriously diuine
 The Crowne for euer setled in thy line.
 From *Cornwall* now past *Calidons* proude strength,
 Thy Empire beares eight hūdred miles in length:
 Halfe which in bredth her bosome forth doth lay
 From the faire *German* to'th *Verginian* sea:
 Thy Realme of *Ireland*, a most fertile Land,
 Brought in subiection to thy glorious hand,
 And

The Irish
Sea.



To the Maiestie

And all the Iles theyr chalkie tops aduance
To the sunne setting from the coast of Fraunce.
Saturne to thee his soueraignty resignes,
Op'ning the lock'd way to the wealthy mines:
And till thy raigne Fame all this while did houer,
The North-west passage that thou might'st disco-
Vnto the Indies, where that treasure lies (uer
Whose plenty might ten other worlds suffice.
Neptune and *Ioue* together doe conspire,
This giues his trydent, that his three-forkt fire,
And to thy hand doe giue the kayes to keepe,
Of the profound immeasurable deepe.

But soft my Muse, check thy abundant straine
To the conceiuing of th'vnskillfull braine,
That whilst thy true descent I doe rehearse,
Th'vnlearned'st soule may sweetly tast my verse:
Which now in order let me first dispose,
And tell the vnion of the blessed Rose,
That to thy Grandfire *Henry* I may bring thee,
(From whom I after to thy birth may sing thee.)

That



of King IAMES.

That *Tudors* blood did worthily prefer,
 From the great *Queene* that beautilous *Dowager*,
 Whose sonne braue *Richmond* frō the *Brittons* fet,
 Graft in the stock of Princely *Sommer*set,
 The third faire *Sien*, the sweet *Rose*at plant,
 Sprong from the Roote of the *Lancastrian Gant*,
 Which had seauenth *Henry*, that of royall blood
 By his deere Mother, is the *Red-rose* bud,
 As theyr great *Merlin* prophecied before
 Should the old *Brittons* regalty restore,
 Which *Henry* raigning by th'vsurpers death,
 Married the *Princesse* faire *Elizabeth*
 Fourth *Edwards* daughter, whose predest'nate bed
 Did thus conioyne the *White-rose*, and the *Red*:
 These *Rose*all branches as I thus entwyne,
 In curious trayles embelishing thy lyne,
 To thy blest Cradell let me bring thee on,
 Rightly deriu'd from thy great *Grandsires* throne.
 Who holding *Scotlands* amity in worth,
 Strongly to linck him with King *Iames* the fourth,

Katherine
 wife to He
 ry the fift.

Edmond
 Tudor Ea
 of Rich-
 mond, son
 of Owen
 Tudor by
 the Queen

The daug
 ter of Iohn
 Duke of
 Sommer-
 set, sonne
 Iohn Ear
 of Sommr
 set, the son
 of Iohn c
 Gaunt.

B.

His



of King IAMES.

His eldest daughter did to him vnite,
Th'vnparaleld bright louely *Margarite*,
Which to that husband prosperously did bring,
The fifth of that Name, *Scotlands* lawfull King,
Father to *Mary* (long in *England* seene)
The *Daulphins* dowager, the late *Scottish* Queene.
But now to *Margarite* backe againe to come,
From whose so fruitfull, and most blessed wombe
We bring our full ioy, *Iames* her husband dead,
Tooke gallant *Anguish* to a second bed,
To whom ere long she bare a princely gerle,
Maried to *Lenox*, that braue-issued Earle,
This beautious *Dowglasse*, as the powers imply,
Brought that Prince *Henry*, Duke of *Albany*,
who in the prime of stréngth, in youths sum'd pride
Maried the *Scotch* Queene on the other side,
Whose happy bed to that sweet Lord did bring,
This Brittain hope, *Iames* our vndoubted King,
In true succession, as the first of other
Of *Henries* line by Father, and by Mother.

Thus

Maried
hilt he
as Daul-
hin.

Archibald
Dowglasse
Earle of An-
gus.

the Coun-
se of Le-
nox.

Henry Lord
Arly.



of King IAMES.

Thus frō the old stock showing thee sprong to be,
 Grafting the pure *White*, with the *Red-rose* tree,
 By mixture made vermillion as they meet,
 For in that colour is the Rose most sweet:
 So in thy Crowne the precious flower that growes
 Be it the Damaske, or Vermillion Rose,
 Amongst those Reliques, that victorious King,
 Edward cald *Longshanks*, did from Scotland bring,
 And as a Trophie royally prefer
 To the rich Shrine in famous Westminster,
 That stone reseru'd in England many a day,
 On which great *Iacob* his graue head did lay,
 And saw descending Angels whilst he slept:
 Which since that time by sundry Nations kept,
 (From age to age I could recite you how,
 Could I my pen that liberty allow.)
 An ancient Prophet long agoe fore-told,
 (Though fooles their sawes for vanities doe hold)
 A King of Scotland, ages comming on,
 Where it was found, be crown'd vpon that stone.

Recorded to
 be that stone
 whereon Ia-
 cob slept.

A prophecie
 belonging
 to that stone.



To the Maiestie

Two famous Kingdoms seperate thus long,
Within one Iland, and that speake one tongue,
Since *Brute* first raign'd, (if men of *Brute* alow)
Neuer before vnited vntill now,
what power, nor war could do, nor time expected,
Thy blessed birth hath happily effected.
O now reuiue that noble Brittaines name,
From which at first our ancient honors came,
Which with both Nations fitly doth agree
That Scotch and English without difference be,
And in that place wher feuds were wont to spring
Let vs light Iigs, and ioyfull Pæans sing.
Whilst such as rightly prophecî'd thy raigne,
Deride those Ideots held their words for vaine.
Had not my soule beene prooffe gainst enuies spite
I had not breath'd thy memory to write:
Nor had my zealous, and religious layes
Told thy rare vertues, and thy glorious dayes.
Renowned Prince, when all these tumults cease,
Euen in the calme, and Musick of thy peace,

If



of King IAMES.

If in thy grace thou deigne to fauour vs,
 And to the Muses be propitious,
 Cæsar himfelfe, Roomes glorious wits among,
 Was not fo highly, nor diuinely fung.

The very earthl'eft & degenerat'ft fpirit,
 That is moft voyd of vertue, and of merit,
 With the aufter'ft, and impudenteft face,
 Will thruft himfelfe the formoft to thy grace;
 Thoſe filken, laced, and perfumed hinds,
 That haue rich bodies, but poore wretched minds,
 But from thy Court (O Worthy) banish quite
 The foole, the Pandar, and the Paraſite,
 And call thy ſelfe moſt happy (then be bold)
 When worthie places, worthi'ft men doe hold,
 The ſeruile clowne for ſhame ſhall hide his head,
 His ignorance, and baſeneſſe fruſtrated,
 Set louely vertue euer in thy view,
 And loue them moſt, that moſt doe her purſue,
 So ſhalt thou ad renowne vnto thy ſtate,
 A King moſt great, moſt wiſe, moſt fortunate.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

FOr the more apt contriuing of this part or branch of the Genealogie, those to whom (from me) the copie appertaineth, haue now against this speedy, and second impression of this small Poem diligently performed, to which intent I haue set these few lines in the place of the other short Epistle, to cancell the former excuse, made for the speedy dooing of the last: whose proportion beeing (I trust) sufficient, needes no further allowance then it selfe, in giuing apt bodies to those descents, in manner as they are truly wouen in the Poem: Farewell.

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